

THE-MAN-ON-THE-CORNER.

Shakes the Finger of Warning at Young Geniuses of the "Smart Set" and Takes Some Moving Pictures on the Professional Rialto.

The Man-on-the-Corner is a speculative individual. Don't understand by this that we go on 'change and stake our coin on steel bonds or attempt to corner spring wheat. It means we are sometimes given to thinking, cogitating, soliloquizing and other dangerous diversions, the outcome and value of which may be a matter for speculation. We are concerned about the future of our young men—especially those who bear the mark of genius. We have been asking ourselves, why is it that the moment a youth from twenty up, begins to show signs of talent and a pious career full of promise, his fool friends begin immediately to load his brain cells with bad whiskey, or swell his head with a lot of inane gush about his extraordinary tal-



Rev. Charles S. Morris.

ents. When a man is busy his nerve centers have nothing in common with intoxicating liquors, and no friend who has an ounce of mother wit will offer a "treat" that means loss of time and impairment of true mental force. If any one thing is sapping the vitality and morals of the Negro's brightest young men it is unseasonable and unreasonable indulgence in the "flowing bowl." We have nothing to say against moderation in any pleasure or social intercourse, if the man has balance, poise and self-control—but to be an habitual "good fellow" at clubs and barrooms is like unto carrying the torch of sobriety into a powder magazine. To be a chronic diner-out, making away with sundry "cold bottles and hot birds," at "any old hour," is to court indigestion, kidney complaint and a train of attendant evils. Smart young men do not have to be fast to bluff the people into believing them to be the "real thing." It is actual work and achievements that count in the final analysis—waste of time and potential energy begets the pity, if not contempt of the very fellows who drink the stuff you pay for. They pat you on the back and then go off among their kind and laugh at your folly. Ordinary sociability is sufficient to keep a hustling young writer, singer, poet, violinist, business man, painter, politician or skilled artisan from being consigned to the "crab" class. Encouragement is a good thing, but it doesn't help budding geniuses to gain a substantial foothold upon the ladder of fame to dub them second Paderewskis, Whitcomb Rileys, Kubeliks, Michael Angelos, Fred Douglasses, Pierpont Morgans and Thomas Edisons. Yes, we have been cogitating upon these matters. The Man-on-the-Corner sees a great many young men who need to be taken somewhere in a quiet nook and told some plain and perhaps unpalatable truths about themselves.

From some source the Man-on-the-Corner learns that "Mr." or "Hon." S. E. Smith, of Kentucky, is a candidate for Register of the Treasury. He is vouched for as a good man and we have no reason to doubt it, but it might be

well for Mr. Smith to step up to the national department of identification and have his measure taken.

Some of the members of the Pen and Pencil Club talk of again attempting to place on the market syndicate letters from Washington, suitable for simultaneous publication in a hundred colored journals of the country. The plan was tried some years ago by the late Charles A. Johnston, J. E. Bruce, C. S. Morris, and other of the earlier literary lights here, but the success—if success it could be called—was only temporary. Later other bureaus came into existence, one headed by W. T. Menard. Papers would accept the matter and its desirability was conceded, but few were willing to pay a pittance and many would not invest the price of postage. Caucasian journals pay from \$5 to \$8 per column for "copy" of less value and which please a much smaller constituency. We know all the difficulties that hedge about Negro journalism, but it is a surprise that such a small per cent of papers are able to realize the importance of general news furnished from a common center, written by hands far more experienced than they can supply at home. A bureau with access to a liberal news budget could supply news that would interest everybody, and get up editorials, special articles of any length and upon any subject at short notice. If a hundred of the leading papers would make a total of \$200



The Late Chas. A. Johnson.

per week—an average of only \$2 each—there would be a good living for two energetic men who could give their whole time to the work and grow in value as they grow in experience and reputation. The Man-on-the-Corner thinks this would be less cumbersome and answer present purposes more cheaply and more effectively than the associated press plan suggested by some very versatile young writers. Washington is the natural home for such a venture.

Randolph Nelson is a pleasant young man to meet. He is well known to all who frequent the down-town districts. He runs a finely-appointed barber shop on Four-and-a-half street, near the avenue, and has a gilt-edged trade. He is a witty talker and has a "gift of gab" suitable to all comers. He is sometimes amusing, often instructive and always entertaining. Mr. Nelson is never out of humor and those jaded of the strenuous activities of business go to his place to get a hair cut or a shave—whether they need it or not—just to enjoy his effervescent wit. He is shrewd and his friends say he has a neat "roll" laid up for a rainy day.

People who visit Washington invariably ask to be shown the way to "Gray and Costley's"—a place of which they have heard and read so much. And well they may. Messrs. James A. Gray and L. C. Costley are pioneers in the experiment of giving to the colored people of

this city a first-class restaurant and buffet, fitted out in the most modern fashion, with appointments and service equal to representative cafes in New York and Philadelphia. Ladies of high standing had no place to go for luncheon while down town shopping and gallant young men were at a loss for means to entertain their fair friends with a choice oyster supper after the theater. Gray and Costley invested their money with a lavish hand and spared no pains to answer this long-felt want. They opened an elegant place at 1313 E street northwest, adjoining the National Theater—a location never previously leased to Afro-Americans. They shut out all objectionable elements and as a result the best citizens rallied to their support and they have been growing in popular esteem ever since. Not long ago the diningroom was entirely refurnished and newly decorated at a cost of nearly \$1,000. The walls are a series of French plate mirror panels, and the paper is of the richest quality and tint. An imported carpet covers the floor and carved oak tables, upon which the best ware is used, complete the magnificent outfit. The cuisine is up-to-date and these gentlemanly caterers, handling as they do, everything in every style, never fail to satisfy the most exacting epicure. They merit the success that is theirs.

We do not know that any one has ever called Dr. Edward D. Williston a "faith curist"—but that is what he really is. Not that he defies the code of ethics set out for the guidance of the allopathic school—not that he dispenses with the "R" piece of paper and its cabalistic Latin characters—not that he does not draw upon the strongest and farthest-reaching drugs known to the materia medica; he does all these things—and more. He is prompt to respond to a call, patient in treatment and enters personally into a patron's life and peculiarities with the sympathy of a brother. He is a capital story-teller and effects as many cures, perhaps, through gaining the confidence of his patient, and effusive good nature as by the conventional channels. He can make a morbid, disgruntled, "going-to-die-sure" fellow get well in twenty-four hours by a hypodermic injection of funny yarns and a prescription of 5-grain capsules of hope. He understands that faith in a physician's skill is 90 per cent. of the healing art, and his heavy practice amply demonstrates that his spiritual methods "take." Dr. Williston's area has never been accurately surveyed but the Man-on-the-Corner has seen him heading for Takoma Park in the morning, in Georgetown before noon, in South Washington at lunch time, coming from Anacostia in time to catch 4 o'clock department folks after having made several short calls through the fashionable center, all the way from LeDroit Park to Foggy Bottom. How he covers so much ground no one but the Doctor and his famous charge "Horse," can tell. The Doctor is a native of North Carolina. He is quite a young man. He is a graduate of Howard Medical School, working his way through largely by individual efforts. He is now an honored member of the faculty there, and enjoys the confidence of physicians and the public. He was prominently mentioned for surgeon-in-chief of Freedman's Hospital after Dr. Curtis' resignation. No one can now tell how high Dr. Williston may go before he cries "enough."

There are those who believe, after hearing him speak, that had not John C. Dancy chosen to be an editor, campaigner, register, collector, recorder of deeds and all around man of affairs, he could easily have been Bishop Dancy. His friends say that his lay "sermons" excel the best efforts of many who wear the "ministerial cloth."

We hear a lot of talk about the necessity for "leadership" and our lack of competent "race champions." The Man-on-the-Corner takes no stock in such wailings. We not only have able leaders in every department of race activity, but we have loyal followers for leaders who are actually doing something, and whose lives and general conduct prove them worthy of the toga of premiership. Take Washington, for example. With its large Afro-American population it can well stand as an example of what all elements of the race are worth elsewhere. If you are asked who sets the

pace socially in this capital, are you at a loss for an answer? If you are asked who is potential at the White House or Capitol can't you tell in a moment? If some one wants a roll of men and women who stand for the best in literary, charity and relief work, can't you point them out? If you want an article written, a report made, an idea placed before the country, is there any doubt as to the persons or papers you will call into requisition? If an action at law is to be taken, a disease to be treated, a delicate surgical operation to be performed, a banquet to be served, a speech to be delivered, a special sermon to be preached or a departed relation to be laid away, can't you instantly put your hand upon the very best man or woman to do the work along the most approved lines? Of course! Then why prate of lack of leadership? We have here local leaders—and every locality has them in abundance, each working along a special order of endeavor. They grow as we encourage them, and we grow as we support them and enhance their effectiveness.

Most of our lyceums have a full set of the usual officers, but from some recent events a suggestion comes that the post of "Chief Muzzler" might be created to the advantage of all concerned. Such an innovation would receive the hearty endorsement of

THE MAN-ON-THE-CORNER.

DID YOU EVER THINK

That \$10.00 per week Sick and \$20.00 Accident would be a very good thing to have around, if only for Pin Money? Special Rates to all readers of this paper. Call or drop a postal to

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If you have a spare room that you would like to rent to desirable parties, advertise them in The Colored American.

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A first class stenographer and typewriter. One versed in book keeping and writes a good long hand, preferred. Address with reference, stating experience, H. J. Green, Box 116, Charlotte, N. C.

PROF. WHITE'S STUDIO.

Mr. Clarence Cameron White, Washington's young violinist has opened his studio at 1634 R street n. w., and has quite a class in both violin and mandoline. Those contemplating studying either of these instruments should apply at once for admission to Mr White's classes. This is the third season Mr. White has conducted these classes and during this season Mr White will have pupil recitals once each month. For terms etc., call on or address Mr. White at his studio.

TO COLORED WOMEN.

LOVERS' GIFTS, AND THE GIRL OVER TWENTY—Should be read by every unmarried colored woman. Interesting and profitable. The two sent on receipt of 25 cent. in coin. Inland Publishing Co., Columbus Ohio.

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IMPORTANT LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Editor: If there are any persons among your readers who are making less than \$200.00 per month the will please address.

DEPT. 2 SCOTT REMEDY CO. Louisville, Ky.

COTTAGES FOR SALE.

Four desirable Cottages on Jefferson Street, between Washington and La Fayette Streets. In the very best locality, newly painted and papered all the latest improvements on easy terms. For further particulars address J. Harry Hughes Cape May, N. J.